The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, MAY 20, 1871. NO. 3.

For the Myrtle.

May's Motto.

In memory of Mary Whittier, aged five years, who was accustomed to say, "I'll try to be good."

WHEN we feel the cold blasts of autumn,
As we walk in the garden alone,
We miss the beauty and fragrance
Of flowers that are faded and gone.

And now with hearts that are breaking,
We miss the sweet bird that has flown;
The loveliest flower of *our* garden,
Our golden-haired lassie, is gone.

"I'll try to be good, my dear mamma,"
Said our darling on going to sleep;
Then sweetly she whispered "Our Father,"
And prayed Him her spirit to keep.

And when her pure spirit was passing,
To leave but the beautiful clay, —
"I'll try to be good," she murmured,
As she passed from earth's sorrows away.

The cloud that hangs heavily o'er us
Has a silvery lining, we know;
But our eyes are so blinded with weeping
That we see not the way we must go.

O Father! regard us in mercy,
And give to us heavenly food;
And grant that in this our affliction,
Like May, we may "try to be good."

A. S. T.

Cambridgeport, April 12, 1871.

IT is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For the Myrtle.

Tommy Gray.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A REAL CAT.

HE is now a large, handsome Maltese cat, with fur soft as satin, amber-colored eyes, a white breastpin under his chin, and such a wonderful history that I am going to write it all out for the readers of the MYRTLE.

There is quite a mystery about Tommy Gray's beginning. No one knows who his parents were, nor where he was born; but one wet, dismal night in March, four years ago, he crawled up to Mr. King's door nearly dead with the cold. Maria, Mr. King's servant girl, found him there mewing piteously to be let in to the light and comfort visible through the crack under the door. Maria had a kind heart, and it was touched by the misery of this poor little thing, and she determined to take care of him, at least till the storm was over.

Now Mr. King had an elegant white cat, and two snowy kittens, and they, as well as their owner, never would tolerate a strange kitten; so Maria knew that to save Tommy's life she must hide him. She brought him carefully into the kitchen, and placed him on a cushion while she prepared a saucer of bread and milk; this she

put on the floor, and Tommy was soon eating a nice, warm supper.

Maria had a basket, not a very nice one, but it was whole and clean—she used it to keep shavings in over night, with which to build the fire in the morning. Before going to bed she would fill the basket and set it by the corner of the wood-box, where it would stay until she wanted it, but during the day she kept it in the shed. It was in this basket that Maria resolved Tommy should sleep. When the kitten had eaten his supper and washed his face, the way cats always do, Maria took him up in her lap to have a good look at him.

When she first took him into the house, his fur was so wet, his stomach so empty, and his tail so slender, that he looked more like a half-starved rat than a pure-blooded Maltese kitten; but now that he was dry and warm, his hunger satisfied, and his tail bushed out properly, he was not so bad-looking after all. Maria thought him the prettiest kitten she ever saw. "You cunning little thing," said she, hugging him so tight that she nearly suffocated him. "You are just as pretty as you can be," she continued, and would have hugged him again, but she heard Mr. King coming and knew that if he saw her pet, Tommy's life was in danger.

Quick as thought Maria snatched an old shawl which hung over the back of the chair and threw it over her lap in such a way that Tommy was entirely hid, but still could breathe, and see a little. Very soon Mr. King came in, and Maria appeared to be knitting very industriously.

"Maria," said he, "do not lock the front door when you go to bed, as I shall probably be out late."

"No, sir," said Maria, looking as if there was not a Maltese kitten within five miles, and after saying a few more words Mr. King went out.

Tommy had been a little scared when the shawl was thrown over him, but he had the good sense to keep perfectly quiet, and now he was fast asleep as contented as though he never had been wet and cold.

When an hour had passed, Maria put kittie on the floor; then taking off her apron, folded it, and placed it carefully in the basket where he was to sleep, for the purpose of making it still softer; then she put Tommy in, and seeing that he was contented, rolling himself up in a little round heap, she took the lamp and went up stairs to her own bed.

The next day Maria kept Tommy in another room, for fear that the aristocratic white cat and her kittens, or Mr. King, would see him. The forenoon was passed in safety, though Tommy was very much frightened by hearing Mr. King speaking very gruffly outside the door, but he did not come in, and Tommy soon went to sleep and forgot his troubles. It was not till nearly evening that the terrible thing of which I am going to tell you happened.

Tommy had eaten his supper out in the shed, and instead of going directly back into the kitchen, as Maria intended he should do, he thought he would look out of the shed door and see what was there. Alas! the white cat and her kittens were there, and one of the kittens espied Tommy the instant he stuck his little gray nose out of the door; and, with a fierce growl, attracted the attention of the others, and all three sprang directly at our poor Tommy Gray. Hoping to reach the fence before they could catch him, Tommy ran as fast as possible toward the road, but had gone only a few steps when the mother cat pulled a whole handful of fur out of his side. Nearly wild with fright and pain, Tommy ran blindly on, he knew not where, and went plump against Mr. King's foot. This gentleman was leaning on the fence talking with a neighbor, and when he felt something hit his boot he looked down, and picking up our poor Tommy by the neck, threw him over the fence into the street. What became of him you shall learn in my next chapter.

Stop that Boy.

That boy with a cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor, he thinks he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the Mayor of the town, higher than the President. Stop him! he is going too fast; he does not see himself as others see him; he does not know his speed.

Stop him before tobacco shatters his nerve; before pride ruins his character; before the loafer masters the man; before good ambition and youthful strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion, the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves.

For the Myrtle.

Sugar-Making in Florida.

I SUPPOSE it is needless to ask, dear children, if you are fond of sugar, syrup and molasses; every child is, so I presume you are not exceptions, and doubtless you would like to know how the cane grows that it is made from, and how it is made. Cane is planted early every year either in January or February, and it is not fit for use until November; it takes a long time for it to mature and sweeten. The cane now is not very high — about a foot — and closely resembles corn; the only apparent difference now is the leaves are longer and not quite as broad. Through the hottest months it grows very rapidly, and at the time of harvesting is from ten to fifteen feet in height, each stalk jointed every few inches and a leaf growing from each joint in alternate rows.

And now try and imagine it is November. It will be pretty hard work, for Spring will assert its claims in the dear little birds, the sweet wild flowers, the budding trees and fresh green grass; but after stretching your imaginations to the utmost and convincing yourself that it is November, and you are in Florida, we'll all jump into the six-mule wagon with "Bill" for driver, who is grandly seated on the left pole mule and flourishes his whip, and lustily cries, "Git up sar, G'long sar, Hi sar, You sar," and finally starts his team, and jolts and jounces us over roots and stones to the cane patch.

"Why is it called a patch?"

"Oh, everything from a two-hundred-acre cotton-field to a vegetable garden is a patch, and this cane-field contains only about six acres."

Now that we are here, we'll make good use of our eyes and see what each and all are doing. Those tall darkies are stripping cane, that is, they pull off all the leaves as high up as they can reach, — and how rapidly they do it! Yes, I believe they are racing to see which one will have their row done first. How jolly they are, laughing and joking and singing! Right behind the "strippers" go men with knives; they bend down the stalks and cut off the top, then women and good-sized boys follow with hoes and cut down the stalks as near the ground as possible. Others stand ready to pick them up and "tote" them to the wagon, while the little children are ready to grab one and proceed to chewing. From the time cane commences to sweeten till it is gone, you see nearly every colored person, and a good many white ones, chewing cane. It is their one great enjoyment; they grow fleshy and jolly in proportion, and the happiest time of all the year, to them, is "sugar-making." But the mules are patiently waiting to draw the cane to the mill which is in the back yard and only a few feet from the boiler. When they arrive at the "throwing-off" place, you will hear the little ones yell, "Here cums de cane, here cums de cane"; and it is only a few moments' work to unload it, and then the team goes back for more.

But we will stay behind to watch this process. First, men cut off about a foot of the stalk for seed cane, then the children carry the stalks and lay them in a pile by the mill; a man feeds it and the rollers are turned by mules, which are driven by a boy, who often stops to take a drink of juice. As the juice comes from the mill, it is strained into barrels, and poured from barrels into the boiler; then it has to be carefully skimmed and closely watched. It takes several hours to boil down one boiler full; and when it begins to bubble up furiously and clear on top, they cool down the fire and let it boil slowly for a few moments, and then ladle it off into a huge trough and let it cool, and as it cools it thickens and forms syrup. For sugar the juice is boiled longer, and allowed to stand in a trough several days, or until it begins to crystallize, when it is put into barrels, the barrels previously having been bored in several places in the bottom, and stalks of cane passed through the sugar to these holes. This enables the syrup, or the part that will not form crystals, to drip away, and these drippings are molasses. In three or four weeks sugar is fit for use, and it is as white as the coffee-crushed your mothers often use in cooking. Sometimes little shreds of cane are left in, then the sugar forms upon it like rock candy.

Some people at the South make syrup of watermelons, which grow in great abundance and of a large size, but it is inferior in quality.

And now, occasionally, when you see brown sugar, or even white (but that has been through the refining process since it was first made sugar), think of how it grows, and what nice times the people have making it, and tasting it.

Addie Brown.

Plantation Home, Gainesville, Fla.

For the Myrtle.

The Chopper.

He shoulders his ax at the morning-tide,
And takes his way with a sturdy stride,
While he whistles an air or shouts a song
That floats o'er the fields as he tramps along.

His wife looks out from her cabin door
To wave him a fond good-by once more,
Or watches with shaded eyes until
His form fades out o'er the distant hill.

Then sharp through the woodland dim and lone
His ax sends out its ringing tone,
And startles the fox from his stealthy lair,
And the birds, that circle and scream in air.

Save he and they and the gurgling spring,
No sound is heard of a living thing.
But who can tell, as his strokes ring clear,
What voices the chopper's heart may hear?

Methinks his thoughts must be pure and high,
Alone with the woods and the earth and sky!
He must hear that old, familiar tongue
God spoke to men when the world was young!

But a dear, sweet earth-voice breaks the spell,
As his daughter hastes through the woodland dell.
And sends her laugh with its joyous peal
To tell him she comes with his noontide meal.

Then she sits beside through his noonday rest,
As they share the meal with a well-earned zest;
And she laughs as he scoops the waters up
With his brown hands shaped to a drinking-cup!

Ah, the crown of the king on his lofty throne,
And the gold the miser can call his own,
Cannot buy the content of this forest king,
Who drinks his wine from the woodland spring!

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Three Robin's Eggs.

A TRUE STORY.

Early one morning in May I was awakened by the cries of a pair of robins that had built their nest in a spruce tree near the house. The poor birds were in great trouble. There had been a thunder shower during the night, the rain had loosened the nest from the limb, and the morning breeze had caused it to slide off and it lay bottom upwards on the ground.

I turned it over and found that two of the beautiful blue eggs were broken, two more were cracked, and only one was uninjured. The eggs were still warm, and as the nest was spoiled and could not be put back into the tree, I took the eggs and placed one in each of three other robins' nests. One egg proved to be spoiled, and after a few days the old robins rolled it out of their nest. One egg hatched with the others in that nest, but the life of the little birds was short.

We had a cat that was a great hunter, and one morning as she was coming towards the house she heard the little birds as they chirped to their mother, who had just brought them some breakfast. Pussy stopped and looked about, and soon saw the nest and the birds as they lifted up their little heads and opened their pink and yellow mouths, eager to reach the food the old bird had brought them. Pussy did not wait long before she sprang into the tree and started out towards the nest. The old birds raised an alarm, but when help arrived it was too late — pussy had eaten the little birds for breakfast.

The other robins hatched their own eggs the day after the new egg was put into their nest; and their little ones were nearly two weeks old before the new egg was hatched. For about a week the little robin was pecked and crowded by the others, but after they had learned to fly he had the whole nest to himself. The old birds built a new nest, and the mother bird laid some more eggs. Meanwhile the little robin was not forgotten. Every day the old birds fed it, and the male bird nestled it under his wings during the rainy days and cold nights, till at last it grew strong enough to fly away and take care of itself.

B. G. R.

We ought to observe the works of God, that we may know how to praise Him more.

For the Myrtle.

Caddie's Passenger.

CADDIE was hurrying home from school as fast as she could go. Well she might hurry, for the rain, which was only pattering down gently when she spread her umbrella at the schoolhouse door, had kept coming heavier and heavier until it came down in perfect sheets, and she could hardly hold her umbrella against the wind.

Suddenly Caddie stopped short. What was that? A child's cry close by her — and nobody to be seen in all the street. But the cry soon told Caddie where it came from, — there she was, a little girl about half as big as herself, curled up against the corner of a building and partly sheltered by an old awning. She was crying as loud as so little a girl could cry, with the tears rolling down her face, though they were not of much account in this pouring shower.

Caddie ran up under the awning, holding her umbrella on the windward side.

"Why, what little girl are you?" she said; "and how came you here all alone?"

"I'm — I'm Mamie," sobbed the child, "and I want to go home."

"Who do you belong to?" said Caddie.

"I belong to my ma," said the child, "and I want to go home, I tell you! Please won't you

take me home?" And she held to Caddie's dress as if she were afraid of losing her.

"You'll have to go home with me," said Caddie; "I don't know where you live."

"I don't want to go home with you," sobbed little Mamie; "I want to go to my home, I say."

"Well," said Caddie soothingly, "so you shall. Just come in under my umbrella, and we'll see if we can find where you live."

Mamie trotted along beside her, curled up close under the umbrella, with the tears still on her cheeks. She thought Caddie was taking her home; though Caddie was going right to her own home, of course, for what else could she do?

Suddenly Mamie looked brightly up. "Why, don't you know where I live?" said she. "I live 60 Pleasant Street. *Don't* you know?"

How stupid she had been, thought Caddie, not to dream the child could tell the street and number! But Pleasant Street, oh dear! that was a mile away. What should she do?

"Does your mother know where you are?" said Caddie. "Did she send you?"

"No," said Mamie, "I came away."

Caddie thought of her own mother waiting at home, then she thought of this mother not knowing where her little girl was in this terrible storm. That thought was enough. She turned bravely round against the rain and wind, grasped the little one's hand more closely, and started as fast as they could go for Pleasant Street.

Half an hour later, while the rain was still pouring, and the mother and all the family were rushing from garret to cellar and from house to stables, distracted at not finding Mamie, they saw two little drenched girls trudging up the avenue under an old torn umbrella.

The mother caught them up on the porch, and in two minutes the story was told.

"You brave little, dear little girl!" she cried, clasping Caddie with both hands; "come right in and be taken care of."

"Oh, no indeed," said Caddie, "I must go right home; my mother will be worried about me."

"My little woman," said Mamie's mother, smiling through her tears, "I am going to send John with the carriage right down to your mother's to tell her where you are, and to get your dry clothes, and to say that you will stay to dinner and be sent home afterwards. Will not that do?"

Caddie tried to say that it was too much trouble, but she was in the house with Mamie by the bright fire, and all their clothes whisked off and themselves thoroughly rubbed and wrapped up in blankets before they knew it. Nobody scolded Mamie, for all thought she was punished enough and would be well cured of running away. So they had a merry time getting over it.

John soon came back with a whole suit of Caddie's best clothes, and a little bottle of hot drops which her careful mother sent; and afterwards she sat up beside Mamie's papa, with Mamie on the other side, and had a grand dinner.

Then she rode home in the handsome carriage, and Mamie's mother went with her to call on her mother and tell her she should never forget that perhaps her darling's life was saved by the little school-girl who took her up as a passenger.

She could not praise Caddie enough; but Caddie's mother said it would have been very strange in any little girl not to have done it. And so Caddie thought.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task, with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook theough the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven. *Morning Watch.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

——A friend in Orland writes the *Banner* that they have a good Sabbath School with some good workers in it. They are looking for a minister who will take the interests of society and school equally at heart.

—— The school at Hallowell has by request repeated its late Exhibition. The occasion is reported as even of increased interest.

—— The school at Bryant's Pond, suspended for the winter, was re-organized on May 7th. May they get under such headway the coming season that it will be impossible to suspend, another winter!

CONNECTICUT.

The school at New Haven held a very interesting Concert on the evening of Easter Sunday. Besides the singing and speaking by the children, remarks were made by the superintendent, Messrs. Minor of the Congregational and Dibble of the Methodist churches, and the pastor, Mrs. Hanaford. A beautiful dove was also presented to the school, in behalf of the infant class. There was a lovely Easter Cross in front of the desk, twined with ferns and white rosebuds, with a mossy bank at its foot dotted with more brilliant flowers.

—— Rev. D. M. Hodge, of Danbury, writes the *Star* that out of nine members recently received into his church, four were Sunday School teachers, and one a Sunday School boy fifteen years of age. The pastor writes as if this last made his heart especially glad.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Sunday School at Pittsburg has weekly "penny readings" for the benefit of the school, and they are in every way a great success. We can hardly believe our eyes when the *Star* tells us they *average four dollars a week* from these readings alone! Can it be possible that they pay only a penny each, and that four hundred attend? Will they let us into their secret? Perhaps it is told in three words of the letter from there,—"We are *working*."

WISCONSIN.

The superintendent of our Sabbath School in Black River Falls, Judge Gatchell, tells us the school is prosperous in numbers and interest. He says, "Our society is small, but we are doing all we can and are adding to our numbers."

IOWA.

A teacher in the Sabbath School at Strawberry Point writes: "We are trying to get books and more papers. and I am so well pleased with the MYRTLE I take it for *my own class.*" That is a good suggestion for teachers in schools where papers are not plenty.

A New Paper.

The General Convention of Universalists propose to issue a quarterly paper, a little larger than the MYRTLE, which shall be called "The Missionary Box," and be entirely devoted to the cause its title represents. We have received the first number, dated March. It contains receipts of boxes from January to March of this year, which, we are glad to say, fill four columns on each of the four pages, or sixteen columns in all! And although no total is given, we judge by glancing down the columns that they average more than a hundred dollars each! Let no one dream, then, that the missionary boxes are a failure, or are likely to be.

Aside from these cheering receipts, the columns are bright and readable; and they urge the cause of the Missionary Box with great zeal and spirit. All success to the new quarterly!

Model Sunday Schools.

The *Guiding Star* tells of a model Sunday School in Yorkshire, N. Y., consisting of a father and mother, their three children, and the writer. At this school of a half-dozen they have regular exercises and recitations, and "enjoy it very, very much." A grand example for all our friends "scattered abroad." Let no one say hereafter he is out of reach of a Sunday School, for one of six members can be gathered *anywhere!* And with zeal and love, as our friend says, "the small school will grow into a large one in due time, as the oak-tree grows from the tiny acorn."

Our readers may remember our speaking last winter of a school whose teachers wished to suspend it for the winter, but whose *pupils* voted to keep it open, and won the day. We spoke of it then as a brave school, and we believe those faithful scholars are having their reward. It was the little school at East Eddington, Me., and Mrs. Stockwell writes that they have had delightful hours together this winter. Who can doubt it?

A Little World.

A single cubic inch of stagnant water is found by examination through the microscope to contain 800,000,000 of living, active, organized beings. To add to the wonder which a sight of the vast number of these atoms of life excites, it is found that these creatures have a diversity of organs. In some a mouth has been discovered, in others a digestive apparatus, in some an eye, in others organs of locomotion. Nor is color wanting. They are either red, green, blue, scarlet, black, yellow, lilac, &c., or a mixture of those colors. Some of these little animals are so allied to the vegetable world that botanists claim them as a part of their system. The Creator thus manifests himself in the smallest as well as the greatest of His works. "Lo, these are parts of His ways; yet how little a portion is heard of Him."

A Notable Town.

There is quite a notable town in Maine. It has been almost entirely built up within the last twenty years. The place has ten stores, several mechanic shops, a hotel, a large tide and steam mill in which is a blind and sash factory, a grist mill, clock shop, and a shop for the construction of ship-building material. The place has but one church, and that a Universalist church. No other religious society has ever worshipped here; no other religious influence has ever been exerted to any extent over this community, but that of Universalism. And yet, strange as it may seem to thousands who think some other religion better than Universalism, no purer or more orderly or more intelligent class of people can be found anywhere in the state or country. There is no rum-shop in the place, nor has there ever been any. No gambling places and no town paupers are there. No lawyer can get a living there from the lawsuits of quarrelling persons. A good town to live in. Its name, do you ask? STOCKTON.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE STILLING OF THE TEMPEST.

"Even the winds and the sea obey him."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. viii. 18–27; Mark iv. 35–41; Luke viii. 22–25.

Question. — Where did Jesus go in the evening of the day in which he spoke the parables of the kingdom?

Answer. — Mark iv. 35.

NOTE. The "other side" was the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. The sea is about six miles wide by sixteen miles long, and lies six or seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Indeed, the whole valley of the Jordan, including the Dead Sea, are beneath the level of the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea. There were many large and flourishing cities upon the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, but the eastern shore was very sparsely inhabited; and Jesus seems to have gone there to escape the multitudes for a little while.

Q. — What did Jesus do as they sailed?

A. — Luke viii. 23.

Q. — What put them in great danger?

A. — Luke viii. 23.

Q. — Did the water come into the boat?

A. — Luke viii. 23.

Q. — What did the disciples do in their fear?

A. — Luke viii. 24.

NOTE. Mr. N. C. Prime, who visited the Sea of Galilee only a few years ago, happened to be in a boat upon the sea in one of these tempests. He describes the storm in these words: "We ran three or four miles up the west coast in good style, and then there came down on the sea such a storm as it knew in times of old. It was sudden, swift and violent. A moment before, we were sailing pleasantly over rippling water, and now it was dashed into foam by a fierce blast that literally *came down* into the basin and ploughed up the waters into deep and difficult furrows.

Q. — What did Jesus do?

A. — Luke viii. 24.

Q. — Did both wind and sea become calm at his word?

A. — Luke viii. 24.

Q. — What did he say to his disciples?

A. — Matt. viii. 26.

NOTE. Christ does not charge them with having no faith. That they went to him in their fear, shows that they had some faith. He rebukes their fear that they could sink and perish while he was upon the vessel.

Q. — What effect did the miracle have upon the disciples?

A. — Matt. viii. 27.

Christ not only taught, but trained his disciples. And the effect of this miracle, the effect he intended, was to make them feel more deeply that there was safety only in nearness to him.

Notice to the Reader.

We are glad to say that THE MYRTLE has received a most cordial welcome. We are receiving subscribers from families and schools in large numbers. Schools that are now taking it are making large additions to their lists. Will not all our readers assist to obtain more subscribers?

Initial Bible Enigma.

Who was it that came before,
The way of the Lord to prepare?
Fire came down from God out of heaven,
In answer to what prophet's prayer?

What strong man was betrayed
By his idolatrous wife?
What, by the wisest of kings,
Is called "a well-spring of life"?

What man was met by the Lord,
And prostrate before him did fall?
Who came to redeem us from sin,
And offer salvation to all?

Little Sower.

Answers.

MAY 6. The Stars.

MAY 13. Euphrates; Marah; Mark; Athens; Noah; Uriah; Esau; Lydia. Emmanuel.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.